LAST OF THE MONTCALMS

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN WITH AN HISTORIC NAME.

Great-Great-Grandson of the French Defender of Quebec Living at Hackensack —Has Titles, but Does Not Use Them —The Family's History in America.

In this year of the Quebec celebration it is of interest to note that the last of the Montcalms is an American citizen. Paul Louis Joseph de Montcalm, who now lives in Hackensack, N. J., but until recently had his home in Brooklyn, is entitled to call himself, if he chooses, Marquis de Montcalm, Count de Saint Veran and Viscount de Candias. Proud as he is of his ancestry, he is content to be known as plain "Mr.," being a Democrat, as his father before him elected to be.

A few months ago there were published in the newspapers of this city a few lines announcing that Louise Ludomila, Countess de Saint Veran and Viscountess de Candias, née Krolikowski, widow of Charles Edward de Montcalm, had died. This was his mother. A few old people recalled her then as a celebrity of a generation ago.

The Krolikowski family is Polish. When the future Mme. de Montcalm was scarcely more than an infant she was carried across the Polish border one night in the hurried flight of her family, her father being forced to leave his native land to avoid the consequences of his political course. The Krolikowskis joined the colony of Polish refugees in Paris.

The loss of his estates and most of his money did not prevent M. Krolikowski from giving his daughter the advantages of a good education. He devoted himself largely to philosophical study and writing, and exiled princes and lesser nobles were his friends and their children the playfellows of his little daughter.

She early displayed a talent for music, which was carefully cultivated. The ablest musicians of the day were her masters and she enjoyed the privilege of studying under Chopin, who through his Polish mother was distantly related to her family. Of him she retained through life interesting impressions. A few years before she died she said, referring to the days when she went to him for instruction:

"I remember that his parlor was so full of precious things, the offerings of his admiring friends and grateful pupils, that I could hardly take two steps in a straight line. So great was his consideration for the feelings of others that he preferred to be crowded by an embarrassing superfluity of souvenirs rather than to risk offending any one by neglecting to give a place of honor to their tokens of friendship.

"He was very fond of flowers and was constantly surrounded by them. When I, as a child, had played well for him some fragment of Mozart or Clementi, he would show his approval by giving me some of his most beautiful flowers.

"His state of continual ill health made him very nervous and irritable, but whenever he gave way to his impatience a smile or kind word immediately apologized for his hastiness. He was exceedingly grateful for any kindness shown him.

"His liason with Mme. Sand was based simply on a feeling of gratitude. His illness had taken a desperate turn. She insisted upon taking him to her country house and there, with all that was feminine in her nature, surrounding him with tender care. Notwithstanding his affection for her he could not but betray his disapproval and even disgust for her familiarity with not only men of genius but with the bohème of politics and literature.

"Chopin gave his music lessons standing facing the pupil, his hands behind his back, listening, head erect. Whenever the pupil went astray if a few corrective words failed to impart his thought he would hasten to the little upright piano behind the grand piano placed in the middle of the room and give a practical demonstration by his admirable playing which was not only convincing but which could never be forgotten.

"He never started to give his lessons until several pupils had assembled, not wishing to be disturbed for one or two. I had sometimes the opportunity of listening to two hours instruction.

"Chopin was admired and worshipped by the aristocracy, especially by the Polish nobility. This was due not only to his talent but to his rare distinction of manners and the elevation of his mind."

In the '60s Mlle. Krolikowski came to America on a concert tour. She played with Gottschalk and other distinguished musicians, and was enthusiastically received at Newport and elsewhere by people of fashion as well as by those of artistic appreciation. In Mexico and Cuba she had equal success.

One of her Cuban friends, Marie Améli Hoaml, Countess di Rocca-Guglielma, married Prince Louis Marie Ferdinand Pierre de Bourbon of the Italian branch of the family, who lived in this country and in Cuba for several years, earning his living as a bookkeeper until his scandalized family bought him off with an allowance. He did not go back to Italy until the death of his father, which left him the head of that branch of the Bourbon house.

In December, 1868, Mlle. Krolikowski married Charles Edward Tyran-Bèze de Montcalm. On January 14, 1869, the following was printed in THE SUN concerning the marriage.

The marriage of a gentleman whose name is surrounded with extraordinary historical associations is announced in our columns this morning. It is that of M. de Montcalm, great-grandson of a brilliant soldier and statesman whose death at Quebec over a century ago attended the British conquest of Canada. The bride, Mlle. Krolikowski, is a young lady of Polish origin, who has lived in this city for several years and whose charming talent as a musician has been admired wherever it has been known. The marriage ceremony was performed with Puritanic simplicity by the Rev. William C. Poole and was witnessed by a few friends of the parties.

We believe that M. de Montcalm is the only living representative of his name. He inherits the democratic instincts for which his race was distinguished even when his ancestors held their places among the rich and powerful of their country before the Revolution had swept away the greatness of the old noblesse. A democrat by nature and endowed with a temperament as ardent as his convictions, in his youth he easily became a conspirator. He was thrown together with Louis Napoleon, and though he never entirely confided in the patriotic professions of that eminent adventurer he learned much of his secrets. Initiated into the political societies of that period, his advanced views as a socialist excluded him from official employment during the republic of 1848.

After the coup d'état of December, 1852, Louis Napoleon sought to gain for his dynasty the genius and the devotion whose value he had learned in his own earlier if not better days. The offer of high station was made, but it was sternly refused. The sturdy republican could not be seduced from his principles, and Napoleon resolved to crush the man whom he could not buy. The father of M. de Montcalm had gained a respectable fortune as a furnisher of army supplies. He had considerable contracts pending at the time of his death, which took place about the epoch of Napoleon's usurpation. The son desired to be allowed to fulfil these contracts, but obstacles were thrown in his way. On frivolous pretexts he was adjudged to have broken the contracts, and having thus been reduced to poverty he was thrown into prison as a political offender.

After a tedious imprisonment he was set at liberty and placed under the surveillance of the police. He succeeded in effecting his escape from France to Germany, and has now been for two or three years in this country earning his livelihood by his profession as a physician, by giving lessons in languages, mathematics and various other branches of science.

M. de Montcalm is perfectly authorized to bear the title of marquis, by which his great progenitor is known is history, but we believe he has never thought fit to claim any such aristocratic distinction. A genuine radical, well versed in the sober philosophy of experience, his ideas lead him to place small value upon hereditary honors except when their possessor has made good his right to them by labors of illustrious usefulness to humanity.

This sketch gives an outline of the history of the family in this country. M. de Montcalm never gained riches in this country. He was not widely known, but he had the stanch respect and admiration of a few men of discernment capable of appreciating nobility of character.

One who saw M. de Montcalm in his own home in Brooklyn describes his experience:

"The house was one of a monotonous row in an unfashionable district. I waited long before any one answered my ring, and while I waited I indulged in thoughts of the commonness of the place.

"Once inside the house such notions speedily vanished. However it might be on the outside, there was no other interior like that in the whole row. There were reminders of Old World luxury and station, not ostensibly displayed—just naturally and inevitably there as the belongings of the people who lived in the house—and when Dr. Montcalm entered I felt as if I were being presented at court. In his very simplicity there was something which compelled respect.

"He had been experimenting with the manufacture of diamonds and believed implicitly in his power and that of others to produce them. He had made some headway with it in his affluent days, when he was wont to leave the ballroom and repair to his laboratory from sheer love of science. With some bitterness he spoke of the destruction of the laboratory and the loss of its complete equipment through the machinations of Louis Napoleon. He was now handicapped by the lack of such a laboratory and could not look forward to replacing it.

"Moreover, much of his time had to be devoted to teaching in order to gain the necessaries of life. He did not repine, however, and regarded the future with a steadfast faith. He believed that the possible achievements of science were boundless. He had no regret, apparently, for loss of rank or fortune—only for the opportunities of which he had been deprived. To his son he looked forward to leaving a heritage of knowledge, which was better, he believed, than any legacy of title or wealth."

After the death of Dr. de Montcalm his widow withdrew more and more from the world. A few who had known her in the days of her public success visited her occasionally, but as the years increased their number diminished and she fell into an almost hermitlike seclusion of life. Memories she had in abundance for companionship and such material reminders of other days as cordial letters from famous composers and musicians, old laces, exquisite fans and a few pieces of fine old furniture. She cherished these things fondly, yet some of them had to be sacrificed as time went by in order to supply the demands which even a simply ordered life brought.

Forced selling of that sort is rarely profitable and the effort to eke out the meagre income became more and more difficult toward the end, yet the proud spirited woman never complained. It was only after her death that her neighbors guessed at the true state of affairs. They would have been glad of the privilege of ministering to her, but she was not born to accept favors. While talking freely of former days she maintained a guarded reticence in regard to her affairs as they were then.

Even her son did not know much about them. As was fitting, the young De Montcalm had been sent to Canada for part of his education, but he returned to the land of his father's adoption to live.

"Would you like to go to France and resume your ancient title?" Mr. de Montcalm was asked.

"No," he replied. "I am proud of my race and I should like to visit the family seat in France, but I believe, as my father did, in democratic principles, and I feel that it would be absurd for me to call myself by any title of nobility while I have my home in this country.

"I am tremendously interested in the celebration in Canada this summer, and actually am eager to be present when the public recognition of the valor of my ancestor is to have such a conspicuous place. For similar reasons I am planning a visit to France.

"This year has brought forth more tributes to the wisdom and courage of Gen. de Montcalm than did any former one. As his direct descendant I may be pardoned for desiring to witness the somewhat tardy payment of this debt by the French."

Mr. de Montcalm is unmarried. He has plenty of good company in New York circumstanced as he is. With a facility that baffles a plain Anglo-Saxon he refers to dozens of unpronounceable Polish families who once enjoyed the privileges of rank and wealth but are now engaged in commonplace pursuits, if they are sufficiently fortunate to have any occupation, and live in tenements with families of peasant extraction all about them as neighbors. They are clannish, and each one knows the pedigrees of all the other Poles who have any, and every detail of their personal history for generations down to the present moment.

What Killed the Adjutant?

From the Allahabad Pioneer.

A good story from the regimental journal of the "Fighting Fifth" concerns Colonel, then Captain FitzRoy and dates back to 1860. FitzRoy was possessed of an air gun, and one afternoon he took a shot at an adjutant, a bird which, being an excellent scavenger, is protected from injury by a fine of 100 rupees. Several people saw the bird fall, but heard no report. There was, of course, a hubbub and a court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the bird's death.

As luck would have it, FitzRoy was appointed president of the court, the finding of which was duly recorded as follows: "The court, having carefully investigated all the evidence brought before it, have come to the conclusion that the bird died of sunstroke. —(Signed) Phil FitzRoy, Captain and President."

King Frederick's Free and Easy Way.

From the Bystander.

King Frederick and Queen Louise are both very much loved in Denmark, although at times the King, it is thought, goes too much out of his way to win popularity.

At the beginning of his reign he used to send for people whom he saw from the castle windows passing through the castle yard to come and have a chat with him. Then, in the evening, he would take a stroll with the Princesses to a crowded place near his summer residence, called the "Danish Trouville," which is frequented mostly by shop people, and speak to everybody at random. At the castle all sorts and conditions of men are received.

HATS TO MATCH THE SOUL

THIS MILLINER GUIDED BY THE OCCULT IN HER WORK.

Not Satisfied With Fitting the Eyes or Hair Alone, She Studies the Unseen Also —Sometimes Adapts Frocks to Customers' Auras—Right Hats for Men.

A New York milliner who aims to fit the invisible wraith as well as the wraith's visible person has a large and highly satisfied following.

To accept the usual advice as to selecting garments which harmonize with the eyes or hair or both is not difficult. Any wayfarer, without reference to sex or previous incarnation, not color blind can easily do this. But when it comes to fitting the thing which ordinary individuals do not see, complexities and perplexities arise.

To begin with, the milliner who attempts to adjust bonnets to the soul was simply an accomplished milliner. It was not until she became tired of seeing most women faring about topped by hats so foreign to them as to be nothing short of grotesque that she began to question if it was not possible to make hats which would belong ethically as well as legally to their wearers.

At last she made up her mind to see what she could do to this end, but she would never have set about it had she known the difficulties she would encounter. There was no awakening to find that success had come to her overnight.

For years she studied, worked and experimented. Beginning with phrenology, she proceeded to physiognomy and psychology and also took a course in an art school. Later she dipped into the occult.

When she was able to apply to her work what she had learned she was surprised at what she was able to accomplish. Soon certain women discovered that by using her knowledge of philosophy and ethics in forming and adorning hats she could do for them what others could not. Assured of the patronage of these, she started an independent career. Said one of these customers, who is able to pay the price of whatever strikes her fancy:

"Mlle. D—— makes the only really satisfactory hats I ever have been able to get. I always feel both at home and perfectly correct in them. They seem to belong to my head as much as my hair. What's more, every one, even my husband, who doesn't care a peg for things of that sort, remarks them. I am more than willing to pay her exorbitant prices."

Although not to be found in a shop on or just off Fifth avenue, her prices, as her customer said, are high, very high, but it takes time, as she explains, a great deal of it, to fit the body, mind and soul, not to mention the work and cost of preparing herself to do it successfully.

In speaking of this she says that since she has been studying soul form, auras and other things not known to the ordinary individual save by hearsay she has found that the more highly developed a person is ethically the lighter and more aerial the hat must appear, whatever the material used, if it is to suit the wearer. If this is true here is a way to determine not only one's ethical nature but that of one's neighbor.

While making nothing else, this fitter of hats to the trinity which is supposed to constitute the individual occasionally plans an entire costume for a favorite customer. One of these costumes belongs to a New York woman well known socially.

The gown is of a soft diaphanous black material, which lends itself perfectly to the long shimmering lines which seem to reach from throat to hem, though as a matter of fact it is, as to the back at least, in Empire style. There is no note of color, and the rich delicate material is so coordinate with the wearer that it seems to belong to her as the plumage belongs to a bird.

The large hat is so fashioned and the delicate feather which is its only ornament is so placed that the effect is of airy lightness, and it seems to rest on the head of the wearer as a flower is held on its stalk. The only ornament worn with this black costume, which is the reverse of sombre in effect, is a string of pearls. In a room filled with fashionably dressed people this woman is as distinctive as an annunciation lily standing in aloofness crowded about with poppies, marigolds and hollyhocks.

When asked why she had selected black for this woman's costume, since her eyes were blue gray and her fluffy hair a rare mouse colored blond, Mlle. D—— explained that it was the quality of the soul which was to be considered and not the color of eyes or hair or the colors which make up the aura. The result of the blending of these last was one of the things she considered in the case of this woman, who had what Oriental philosophers describe as a highly developed soul; the sort of soul which is not expressed in bands of rainbow colors but in the blending of them, which constitutes white light.

Mlle. D—— said that the black costume selected for this woman threw into strong relief by contrast the white light of her soul, as it did the pearly tints of her skin, and that the radiant purity of the pearls about her throat, or to be more exact, about the neck of her dress, which was high, though the white of her neck gleamed through it, was in harmony, as nearly as any material thing could be, with the shining light of her spirit.

Still, while all these deep ethical matters are very much considered, fashion is by no means ignored. To follow the modes is not difficult for her in these days, since Fashion leaves her subjects a wide liberty of choice.

Availing herself of the opportunity which the variety in prevailing modes offers, this ethical hat maker selects shapes which in a general way suit her customer. As a rule she makes half a dozen hats or more for one person at a single order. She says that it is much more satisfactory to make all the hats required for a season at one time.

Having made her studies and related the visible and the invisible body of her client to several modish shapes she gets into the spirit of the thing and the result is inspiration, real genuine inspiration, which enables her to give her work the fine touch which marks the product of the true artist at his best.

There is not a line which is not carefully considered in relation to the wearer. The direction of a bow, or even a part of it, the tilt of a feather or flower, is counted the difference between success and failure in these soul hats. As a matter of fact the same is true of any headgear, though the average milliner may not know it.

Mlle. D—— declares that the Parisian milliners and others who have gained fame through their achievements, indeed all who make a success of any of their work in her line, do it by the quick intuition which enables them to do the thing that she does by working according to certain laws. This, she says, accounts for the fact that one hat will suit its wearer exquisitely, while another, made by the same person, will be as lacking in suitability as a thing can well be. She asserts that when the laws she follows are understood uniform results in hat making, as in other things, can be counted on.

In proof of this she tells of a patron who goes to Paris once or twice a year and invariably brings when she returns a number of hats made for her by the most famous makers. Occasionally there is among them one which, according to the ideas and ideals of Mlle. D——, is suited to her patron, while the others are simply of use as suggestions of the modes on which Fashion has set her seal. The one hat which suits her customer she holds is the result of an inspiration which enabled its maker to fit the soul; the others are simply a part of the day's drudgery.

None of Mlle. D——'s customers who bring hats when they return from London and Paris wear them until they have submitted them to her. If she decides that they can be so adjusted as to be the correct thing, from her point of view, they are utilized; if not they are cast aside.

The plan which this architect and builder of hats follows is first to study her customer from head to foot at many different angles. She then makes sketches, one after another, of hats to be worn for different occasions. This done, she takes up the matter of color.

Impressing on her customers that a hat should be a harmonious climax of a costume she advises that costumes be made to suit what she calls a season's series of hats. Her advice is usually accepted, as by following it the woman who has become addicted to considering her clothes in connection with her soul is measurably sure, or thinks she is, that each of her outfits will not swear loudly at the ghost of her even though it may not be in as perfect accord with it as is her hat.

Although inflexible as to her art, as she calls it, this maker of soul suiting hats is altogether compliant in most other matters. She goes to her customers, as do visiting milliners, if they want her to do so, and when it comes to getting out orders to accommodate them she is said to be a shining example. What she says she will do, that she does, and although, as has been said, her prices are high even when compared with the most fashionable milliners, she freely gives helpful suggestions not alone as to clothes but also as to other things which her studies have led her to consider.

Unlike others of her craft Mlle. D—— does not confine her efforts entirely to women. When a man is introduced by one of her patrons she makes out a prescription, as she calls it, for a hat or hats which are ethically correct. For this she charges as she does for other work.

It is not always easy to get these prescriptions filled, but it can be done. And it is said that the result is so satisfactory that it is counted by men who have tried it quite worth the bother and the cash expended. In fact Mlle. D—— boasts the remarkable record of having never lost a customer she has once served.

CRIME OF THE CLOCKS.

Man Who Missed a Train Frees His Mind About a Common Nuisance.

"I am firmly convinced," said the man who sat swabbing his face in the railroad station waiting room, hot and indignant because he had missed his train, "that the man maintaining in a public place a clock that does not keep time ought to be found guilty of felonious misdemeanor, if not of something worse, and punished, if that were possible, with a penalty in some measure commensurate with his crime.

"I am not sure that I would hang him for the first offence—at least I would not make such a punishment mandatory; I would leave something to the discretion of the Judge and jury—but I would make the penalty cumulative. For instance, I would have the law so read that after a man had been found four times guilty of this crime he must be hanged or electrocuted four times, with no escape, and I don't know but what I would both hang and electrocute him.

"For I can conceive of no higher crime than that of a man who sets up a clock in a public place and then fails to keep it going correctly.

"Understand me clearly. I do not refer now to clocks in church steeples, on which I never rely; they may be right and they may be wrong. Nominally they are supposed to be looked after by the sexton, but really they represent the congregation, a divided responsibility; and on anything for which the responsibility is divided you can never rely. The church clock goes its own sweet way through the week with nobody to look after it, and so on it I never rely.

"Nor do I permit myself to be misled by tower clocks, which, like the church clocks, may be right and may be wrong. You might think that the tower clocks would be looked after scrupulously by those who owned them, but up so high, so near the sky, and though looked at daily by many, they seem sometimes to be quite overlooked and forgotten by those whose business it should be to keep constant watch over them; and I have learned by experience not to rely on tower clocks.

"And I have long since ceased to rely on clocks simply because they had the word 'Regulator' printed on their face. I have known such clocks that were model timekeepers, but putting that name on their face didn't make them so. Have we not all seen one story shacks with a sign up reading 'Grand Palace Hotel'? But that sign didn't make the shack a palace any more than printing the word 'Regulator' on the face of a two dollar clock makes that a perfect timekeeper. So I have long since ceased to be misled by the word 'Regulator.'

"For that matter may we not find in jewellers' windows, where of all places you would expect to find clocks showing the correct time, clocks that are minutes off? I never rely on a clock simply because I see it in a jeweller's window.

"Nor do I rely on the barber shop clock, nor on any of the many clocks that I find in many semi-public places, and least of all do I rely on clocks found in homes; for clocks are as various and as irresponsible as men.

"And now I am coming to the real point of what I want to say. There is one sort of clock set up in public places upon which we should be able to rely with absolute security, and that is the clock that is set up by a business man in front of his place of business.

"Now there is a clock that really ought always to be kept in perfect order and keeping perfect time. For does not this man place it there to attract attention to himself and his goods for his own profit? Does he not thereby expect to derive benefits from the public, and should not the public be able to rely upon receiving a reciprocal benefit from him? Does he not thereby substantially say that what he has to offer is good and worthy of attention, and is it not reasonable to suppose that he invites our confidence in his clock as well as his goods?

"And would you not suppose that the most commonplace considerations of selfishness would prompt him to keep that clock always in perfect order, to confirm and increase for his own profit the confidence that he invites? You'd think so, wouldn't you? But how many clocks are so?"

"I infer from what you say," said the tranquil man waiting for his train to whom these remarks had been made, "that you have trusted some public clock somewhere and so missed your train."

"Your inference is quite correct," said the hot and indignant man, "and what I said to you as to the penalties that I think ought to attach to this crime of failure to keep public clocks in order is only a brief, limited, short, condensed, mild, abbreviated, attenuated and expurgated statement of what I think the penalty really ought to be. What I would do if I could to the man guilty of this crime I wouldn't care to say."

DINING OUT OF DOORS—ALMOST

NEW YORK RESTAURANTS IN SUMMER GARB.

Louis XV. Decorations, Lattice Work, Fireproof Roses, Blue Moonlight and Palm Jungles Calculated to Remind the Summer Guest of Dining in the Forest.

The New Yorker is the spoiled child of the world. It may be that he is hard to keep at home and for that reason everything possible is done for his pleasure during the summer months; or it may be that he has been so spoiled by his trips abroad that he has to have just as much done to satisfy him at home. At all events his comfort is thought of by all who angle for his favor and ultimately his money.

There are no places of their kind better to spend money in than the New York restaurants, and they are literally turning themselves inside out this year to let their patrons take their ease in their inns with greater comfort than ever. There was a time when the thoughtful hotel proprietor put a few palms on the roof, added a few rickety chairs and tables and announced that his roof garden was open for business. How much more the managers now do for their guests may be understood from the expenditure of $30,000 on one restaurant in a city hotel.

The enterprise of the proprietor, aided by the skill of his architect and the experience of a French decorator, converted this dining room into a bower of summer beauty, so delightful to dine in that guests would journey to New York for the purpose rather than run to the seashore for the sake of cooler temperature without the accompaniment of such a luxury. Whatever the thermometer might show no place could look so cool.

The first effort toward making summer eating attractive to the New Yorker came when the restaurant proprietors put terraces outside their main floor dining rooms and in the warm months covered them over with canvas roofs. Then they adorned the interior thus created with shrubs and flowers, and there was a revelation of what might be done in the way of transforming the dining rooms for summer use.

There are several of these terraces at present, and attractive enough they seem with the gay flowers, the shrubs and the lights twinkling among the plants. Yet they are much more beautiful at night than at any other time, and the noonday sun usually drives the patrons into the cool of the dining room.

Such a device was therefore not satisfactory, for the guests who come in the middle of the day have as much right to the delights of the terrace as those who come for dinner. So the elaborate changes of the present summer came gradually into existence.

One New York hotel has covered with light green lattice the walls of the main dining room, but without altering the form of the apartment. It is a mixture of the Sixteenth Louis and the style of his predecessor. This blend results from the fact that the decorator kept in his eye while planning the room the château of Marly near Paris, which Louis XV. built and Louis XVI. adorned and further beautified.

Through the light green trellis one gets an occasional glimpse of the sky and cloudy heavens. These glimpses are few and far between as the red rambler roses clamber thickly over the lattice.

There are four domes of lattice formed by four white pillars supporting the circular roof over which the roses still continue to climb luxuriously. About the smaller columns at other points in the room are lattice holders for growing vines which swing down to the floor.

The doors have been removed and the breeze can sweep through the room. The electric lights shine through branches of green rose leaves, although this is not one of the dark dining rooms now in vogue.

Less light is provided on the terrace for those who do not care for illumination. There are rows of tables along the narrow stone porch. All the light they get comes from the inside dining rooms and from the yellow lanterns suspended like incandescent pumpkins from the roof. The glare of the yellow lanterns, the vivid red ramblers and the green leaves against the trellis make a charming picture, which is perhaps more enjoyable from the knowledge that all this fragile decoration is fireproof.

Even the roses are proof against fire. This is no achievement of Luther Burbank. As the blossoms and leaves are of red and green silk it was not difficult to cover them over with a fireproofing preparation. The same treatment of the lanterns and the trellises makes them safe.

Lattice is rapidly becoming a characteristic detail of the interior summer landscape in New York. Another hotel makes elaborate decoration of its dining room depend from the background of green trellis showing everywhere through the green vines and the baskets of orchids that hang in every panel of the room.

The entrance to this room is through a short wall of Caen marble cool enough looking in itself to prepare the visitor for the sylvan beauties to come. Dark green is the prevailing tone of this eating room, which makes no pretence of being of any special period and is of the present day in Paris. Its name, in fact, is taken from one of the popular summer restaurants in Paris.

The cool darkness of the place to one who enters it at midday is as refreshing as the depth of a forest. At night the lights that tremble among the lacy climbing vines and sparkle through the hanging branches of mauve orchids illuminate the room to a pleasant glow. Here and there lies an old Italian well head, half covered with Australian ferns, or a ruined marble bench breathing the atmosphere of a renaissance or near antique Italian landscape.

Looking through this culinary jungle one sees a terrace adorned with flowers, hanging baskets and colored awnings in the latest style of contemporaneous Paris. Here the atmosphere of mystery produced by the suggestion of forest and exquisite dining room fades into the intensely practical modern open air dining room, protected moreover with a roof that makes it as agreeable for luncheon as dinner.

Perhaps these two places have gone in for their changes on a more elaborate scale than any of the others, but there is scarcely a large hotel in New York that has not made some concession to the season. One of the largest hotels in town has taken its corner dining room, which has hitherto been unused during the summer months, and made it into the summer room.

The largest available space was taken because the proprietor wanted elbow room for the tables. His idea was that nothing did so much to establish the sensation of coolness as to put every party as far away as possible from the others. The result of his system is to give every man dining in the room the impression he is all by himself.

The waiters walk in ease over the cool, brightly colored mattings that have taken the place of the thick velvet carpets which cover the floors in winter. Straw chairs take the place of those that serve in winter, and wicker sofas are placed invitingly about the door and against the walls.

An avenue of green palms leads into the room. Scattered like oases in a desert are little forests of high palms, and the corners of the room are decorated in the same way. Between the windows are towering palms that carry out the sylvan effect of the decoration.

Probably this transformation did not cost as much as some others, but there is no denying the impression of coolness and airiness the decorations create.

One of the older hotels has made its summer dining room on a stretch of stone piazza, hidden from the view of the street by rows of laurel bushes that keep away not only the heat but also the dust of the avenue. Along this piazza, more a terrace in reality than any of the others in New York, stretches a row of gilt legged tables with two thin gilt chairs for the two guests that each table will accommodate. A third might find room there, but no more.

A low awning falls far enough down to keep the evening sun from striking over the top of the bushes. On the other side of the terrace lie the dim distances of the winter dining room, with the tables surrounded with palms and a low circle of white trellis surmounted with blooming geraniums surrounding the whole.

The lower dining room of a restaurant done in the classic style has lost most of its patrons, who have climbed—in the elevator—to the garden which has been made on the roof. Here the inconstant moon has not been relied on to provide the moonlight which is regarded as essential to a romantic scene. There are electric bulbs lit with the faint touch of blue that gives always the same mysterious aspect to this aerial view. The roar of the street rises to the room too faintly to dispel the atmosphere of classic quiet which the scene suggests.

Here the designers have sought the ancient serenity as a contrast to the heat and toil of a New York day and have tried as carefully as the theatre managers to provide entertainment for the tired business man's relaxation.

"All this sort of thing pays now," said the hotel manager, who had never thought of doing anything of the kind himself less than five years ago. "New York hotels in summer were treated as if they were to be deserted, not as if they were to continue so crowded all summer that it paid to spend money on them.

"The old fashioned way of neglecting them was the best possible way to make the people go away. Now the thousands of strangers who come to New York in summer find the hotels summery looking and inviting. That makes them still keener to come back.

"One of the things that have helped most to make New York a summer resort is the eagerness of the hotel proprietors to meet their guests half way. People who come to New York go about from one place to another to see the different dining rooms. New Yorkers seeing so much done at home to make them comfortable find the city more agreeable than ever and do not run off to the neighboring resorts. All around the circle the acknowledgment that summer has come is a very good thing for the hotel proprietors."

Giving all the Louis XV. decorations their full credit and making no denial of the powerful attractions of a classic ruin on the roof, one should not overlook the power of the block of ice. There are no maitres d'hôtel in these days willing to be so revolutionary as to try to struggle along without that cake of ice.

In most places it soars proudly to a height of several feet. Sometimes three or four stand about a dining room. They are not there to cool the air, although they undoubtedly have that effect to a certain extent. They are ostensibly to help cool the hors d'œuvres, cold fish and other dishes considered suitable to this season of the year.

But their real effect is almost wholly spectacular. The good they accomplish is chiefly through the eye.

RAMBLES IN THE CITY.

If you have been along the Bowery lately you must have noticed the changes in the sidewalk signs to catch trade. Some years ago these signs almost invariably invited customers to inspect bargains damaged by fire. All these have disappeared. What you now see are placards announcing that owing to the recent panic great reductions in prices are offered.

One foxy merchant who had been on the Bowery forty years hung out a sign something like this: "Don't be misled by calamity signs of other houses. Come here for bargains."

The policeman on post said: "He always waits to see what the other merchants do and then he takes the other chute."

Over the platform of some B. R. T. stations are glass signs. On one side are the words, "Trains from the City." Two minutes before the train comes in this sign is electrically illuminated and a rattle is turned on that would put an alarm clock out of business.

"Which city?" asked a waiting patron of a platform man.

"New York, of course," the man replied with a bit of a sneer.

"Isn't Brooklyn regarded as a city?"

"Depends where you're at. Express for Coney and Brighton Beach. All aboard!"

If you can't get to the country and long to hear something that will remind you of ruralities, especially the lowing of the kine, the bleating of sheep and the squealing of porkers, take a siesta after sunset on Riverside Drive. All loaded cattle cars stop at the base of the bluffs between the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument and Seventy-second street. Sometimes these trains are held for three-quarters of an hour. If you shut your eyes you will think you're on a farm.

"Who is that fellow you spoke to on the car?" asked one New Yorker of another after they got off.

"Don't know. Never saw him before."

"Then why did you ask him about the cotton crop in Texas? How did you know he was from Texas?"

"Because I saw him expectorate through his teeth, and that is the only State in the Union that retains that habit."

A business man in Cliff street—if you are new in the city, look it up—left the car late in the afternoon to do some shopping in a quiet store in a side street. To his friend who asked why he went to such a place he said:

"There are several salesmen in the place who have been with the concern since it started. I don't know the name of any. But I've an idea that a concern that keeps its help a long time is worth patronizing. Nothing gives a business more character than to have a contented looking old man around. All things being equal, I give such a place the preference."

Maybe the sunshine of a June day had something to do with it. No matter. The crowd in lower Broadway stopped and listened. Bunches and rows of faces looked down from the windows in the tall office buildings.

An itinerant vender of that cheapest of musical instruments the mouth organ, merely a bit of tin, had been whistling modern airs that one hears from the orchestras. Somehow they hadn't made a hit. The vender, a tall, lank young man, ceased whistling. The crowd kept on its restless way.

After a short wait the vender placed the tin again between his lips and tried another air. Here and there people fell out of the crowd, stopped and listened. First one and then another, and then more, handed out a nickel apiece. The fellow had played "Cavalleria Rusticana." After he had sold a number of his tins the crowd began moving again. Business for the vender was running down.

He placed a little instrument once more between his lips. The sound emitted filled the street. It rose to the tops of the skyscrapers. It stopped the crowd on either side of the thoroughfare. People in the passing open cars turned and peered. The vender was surrounded by a crowd which purchased all his stock. The music was written in this generation, but it took hold upon the mass of humanity and brought it to a standstill in the busiest street in the world—the old air your grandfather heard when he was courting, "How Can I Bear To Leave Thee?"

Some "Merry Widows" Not Large.

In these days of rampant Merrywidowism there is no end to the things which are dubbed with that title. The keepers of soda water fountains and ice cream parlors have taken it up and advertise Merry Widow sodas and Merry Widow sundaes and Merry Widow everything else.

"But," said the young woman who dotes on sundaes, "they are not large, like the hats. In fact they were larger without the name. And of course they cannot survive."

TENANTS IN PART CONTROL

ONE GROUP ASSURED OF MODERATE PRICED APARTMENTS.

To the Owner They Guarantee Desirable Tenants and Long Leases and in Return He Keeps Prices Fixed—Hard to Find Homes in Manhattan at $720 to $1,000.

On one of the side streets not far from Carnegie Hall is an old fashioned apartment house. Its gray stone façade gives unmistakable evidence of its age. It could not have stood there less than thirty years. Within the heavy walnut doors there is similar evidence. The broad entrance hall exhibits a contempt for space that would shock an architect to-day. The wide stairs that twist about the hall are equally opposed to present day ideals. There are in the lack of certain other conveniences sufficient evidences of the building's old fashionedness. Yet it is always full, the tenants are of a character that is a recommendation in itself, and there are many newer houses that are not nearly so much in demand.

One of the principal causes for this fortunate state of affairs is the lowness of the rents, the large, light rooms and the excellent service.

"The history of that house is interesting," said the agent who is entrusted with the renting when there are any apartments to rent. "It does not attract the kind of tenants that like a spangled entrance, and it has no lift. It is occupied solely by a little colony of people who are in professional and literary pursuits. They are the first I ever knew to put their plans into actual effect.

"One of these tenants interested several of his friends. They decided to find a house that might be possible and to promise the landlord certain advantages if he would keep the house up and the rents down. They finally found the house they are now in. By the time the search had reached this point they had received reenforcements and were able to promise a landlord twelve tenants who would take three year leases or even longer if he did what they wanted. The house they are now in had in point of location and size more advantages than any of the others they had seen.

"It was struggling along just as all old houses like that must. It had fallen into the hands of the undesirable kind of tenants that invaded this region on their march uptown. After stopping there long enough to take away the good name of the place they as usual moved further north, leaving behind the reputation which it is so difficult to overcome.

"The people who wanted to find a place in which the highest rent should be $1,000 a year and from that go down to $60 a month, which is the cost of the top flat, could not have found a house better suited to their purposes. They went to the representative of the estate, made him their offer and then he sent them here. For the sake of getting these tenants for the term of years they proposed to come we did over the flats to suit them, installed a competent janitor and his wife whom they selected, and made certain stipulations concerning the heat and attendance.

"They seem to be perfectly satisfied so far, and I know we are. I do not let any of the apartments without consulting the committee of three who have charge of the tenants' interests. Usually they have plenty of applicants for what apartments may be vacated. The arrangement has so far worked well for both sides. The tenants get what they want, the house is occupied by the sort of people who pay their rent and are establishing again the reputation of the flat. It is the one successful effort that I know of to provide an accessible, respectable and comfortable home for tenants who want to pay from $60 to $80 a month. And it was made possible only through the determination of a certain number of persons to find such a house.

"I have not the least doubt," the agent concluded, "that there are other houses in New York that could be had on similar conditions. It would not be possible to get a very new house or one in a fashionable neighborhood or one with an elevator. But there are many landlords who would like to make some such arrangement."

It is a frequent complaint that there are so few apartments in New York for persons able to pay from $720 to $1,000 a year. It was in the effort to provide apartments at the scale of prices named here that an architect endeavored to interest capital in buying a lot not far from Third avenue on a very attractive block of dwelling houses. It would have been possible to put up a house there, rent the apartments at reasonable figures and yet leave a good profit for the investor. Other sites were considered and they were all naturally in the same grade of neighborhoods and nearly always east of Third avenue or west of Sixth.

"I found it impossible," this architect said, "to interest capital in a plan to put up an apartment house where the rents were not to exceed $1,000 a year. There was the same answer from every quarter. All of the men I approached said they had money to invest in real estate, but not on such terms. By taking the site a little nearer Fifth avenue the rent could be $2,000 instead of $1,000, and there would be no difference in the cost of the house. It was their opinion in every case that as an investment they would make twice as much by buying in a better neighborhood, paying a little more for the property and getting twice as much from their tenants.

"The other form of investment that appealed to them was to go across to the far East and West sides and put up tenements in which the rents ranged from $15 to $25. There the cost of real estate was so much less that it was easy to count on a good return from the money and there was no comparison between the cost of putting up an apartment house and a tenement. For either of these real estate investments they were all eager enough. But they had no use for the cheaper priced apartments."

Another real estate dealer told THE SUN reporter that apartments at prices ranging from $600 to $1,000 were the scarcest in town and that there seemed to be no chance of their increase since investors did not see the greatest possible return for their money from any such source. "The suburbs are for the tenants who can pay such rents," he said, "and there is plenty of investment on their behalf in the towns near New York. There are many persons looking for $50 apartments who might afford to pay more if it were not that they go away for half the year and count on paying for months they are not in the flat.

"It is the desire to get away by persons who have homes in the country that has stimulated the demand for the flats at prices ranging from $600 to $1,000. So far as I can see there is to be no increase in flats of this kind. The accommodations one gets for the price, moreover, are daily getting less and less."

RED CROSS AUTO PARADE.

You Get That Impression These Days on Brooklyn's "Street of Doctors."

Clinton street, Brooklyn, has been "the street of doctors" for years. Almost every house in the few short blocks from Joralemon street to Atlantic avenue bears a physician's sign.

Now this doctors' row has taken on a new aspect. A person chancing to walk through the street might think an automobile Red Cross parade was assembling, for at certain hours automobiles may be seen standing in front of these houses with the signs waiting to take their owners on their rounds or to the hospital or to the Long Island Medical College a few blocks away.

Every one of these automobiles has in front the red cross which denotes that it is a physician's auto and which makes a mute appeal to the police to overlook a little fast driving.